THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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ONE LAST PEEP.

TO THE "DAYSPRING" READERS.

DEAR CHILDREN, — When Mr. Kneeland bade you good-by, he thought a new editor would greet you this month. But as no one is chosen yet, I am to do the best I can for you for November and December.

Now there is a mistake you make, and some grown people make for you. It is this: that light is to be put in your mind and love in your heart from the outside; now the true way is to apply a match to the light already there, and stir the heart to action.

You and I like figures: now let us imagine for a moment that your heart is a cup, and that there was born in it a large lump of pure white sugar, but, somehow, a drop of black, sour vinegar has got in; now, before it can gather other drops to itself, let us see if we cannot push it out of the cup by melting the sugar, pouring in the milk of human kindness, and breaking in it that bread of life which Christ will give, sooner or later, to all who are hungry for it. Then the cup will be so full that that one naughty drop will be pushed out, or kept so in order that it can do no mischief.

But enough for this time, from your friend,

E. P. C.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, which was held in the Second Church, Boston, on the evening of October 12, and during the next day, was earnest, hopeful, and inspiring.

Perhaps the best thing said was by Rev. Mr. Sunderland, to the effect that it is full time for the *best* brains of the denomination to be given to the Sunday-school cause; for so only can the Sunday-school fitly supplement the religious education of the young.

CREEPING SO SOFTLY TO TAKE A LAST PEEP.

THEY are fast asleep, — quietly asleep; not starting, nor sighing, nor thrashing about. They have earned this quiet sleep. No dreams of being cross or untrue disturb them. Their angels have not been frightened away; and when at last their mother makes up her mind to leave them and not come again, those angels will keep guard all night.

Once I was staying at New Brighton, on Staten Island, — a beautiful place; so beautiful that it seemed as if every one who lived here must become beautiful; beautiful *inwardly*, I mean. Sophy and Lucy lived in the house where I was staying. Their mother was dead; so they were at home with their grandmother. Sophy was about four years. She was a little nut-brown maid, with brown eyes, hair, and skin. Lucy had golden hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and a straight little nose. I don't know what her faults were. But Sophy was high-tempered and obstinate. One day she got angry with Lucy and scratched her face. Now that is what cats sometimes do when they are cruelly plagued; but it is a very strange use for little girls' hands. When Sophy's father came down in the boat, he was shown Lucy's scratches, and told who made them. But when he asked Sophy to pray to God to forgive her, what do you think she said? Why, that she *had* asked him, and that was in the prayer beginning "Our Father." Now, children, isn't that the way you do? Don't you say, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;" but when it comes to saying, "I was cross with Lucy; angry with her; I scratched her; help me not to do so again," — are you not unwilling to say it, because a grain of the crossness is still rankling in your heart?

For The Dayspring.

HYMN.

WHEN, 'mid the winter's frosts and snows,
Out of the old year's death arose
The new year, with its hidden powers,
Thou, Lord, didst bless its opening hours.

And when, as winter passed away,
And spring broke o'er us blithe and gay,
Each bud, each bird upon the wing,
Showed forth thy praise who made the spring.

And painted flowers, whose perfumes rare
With incense filled the summer air,
And luscious fruits upon the tree,
Taught summer came, O Lord, from th e.

Then autumn, with her boundless store,
Proclaimed thy love from shore to shore;
And sang, in accents loud and clear,
"Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year."

O Father, Author of all good,
Hear thou our hymn of gratitude!
And, as thou still prolong'st our days,
Help us devote them to thy praise!

Thy mercy blessed our opening year;
Its spring-time budding be thy care!
Its summer flowers but bloom for thee,
Its autumn fruits our offering be!

And thus, as time still onward goes,
And winter brings its frosts and snows,
We'll leave the old without a fear,
To find in Heaven our glad new year.

W. N. E.

MONTREAL, Oct., 1875.

JOHNNY'S BIG BOOTS.

JOHNNY BROWN was about as unhappy a boy as ever sat on the edge of the bed in the early morning. His trowsers were on, and his jacket was half on, and he was looking with dismay at a pair of his father's boots. He sat there a long time, drumming with his heels, and looking at the boots. He cried a good deal betimes, digging his red, grimy fists in his eyes, and saying over to himself, "I can't do it, nohow! I can't do it, nohow!"

"Johnny, ain't them boots on yet?" cried a voice up the stairway, which made Johnny start, and then pull on the big boots, or, rather, push his little feet into them.

No wonder Johnny felt miserable, almost to heart-breaking; for when he had first woke up and began dressing, he had found that his own boots were gone. Going downstairs to find them, his mother told him that his father had taken them to be mended, and that he must wear his father's old boots instead.

"Not to school?" said Johnny, very quickly.

"Yes," said she, "to school."

Johnny's heart sank as quickly as if it had been one of his lead-sinkers going down to the bottom of the well. He pleaded and pleaded to be let off from going to school; but his mother was firm; and so it was that when he went back he was so long in finishing his dressing and in putting on those big boots. Then, when he stumped downstairs again, it was a very woe-begone little face that appeared above the big boots. The big boots had swallowed all his happiness for that day, besides taking in a good share of Johnny himself.

Johnny Brown was a timid little fellow, and that and his poverty made his position in the school with the boys not very pleasant. The big boots would not be likely to make the matter any better, to say the least, and he trembled as he thought of the way the boys would make fun of and chase him. "Now, there's Ben Holt," thought Johnny; "he'll be glad enough! He's always a-settin' the boys on me. And Jim Hardy; he'll call me all manner of names; and I wish — I wish I was dead!" and Johnny broke down, and cried so that his mother got out of all patience with him.

Johnny went about doing his work at home that morning a good deal slower than usual, partly because the boots were so very large, and partly because tears got in his eyes, so that he stumbled a good many times over things that he could not see.

In spite of all the delays poor Johnny could invent, school-time came on. He did think of hiding in the barn, and had got pretty near it, when his mother called out, "Johnny, come in now, and get your books and go to school."

Mrs. Brown suspected that Johnny might be inclined to slip off, and so she stood at the front gate while he shuffled along a good piece on his way to school. But Johnny did not want to get there before school opened. It was almost school-time when he started, and those big boots were so heavy that he could not go fast, you know, and so he heard the bell ring when he was a good bit off. He saw Stephen Manning and Charley White running for fear of being late, and he slipped behind Mr. Hart's porch for fear they should see him. They did not, however; and then, waiting just long enough for every one to be in his seat, he opened the door, and tried to go softly in. Unlucky Johnny! He could not have chosen a worse time. The boys had not yet got their minds on their books, and were quick enough to notice the shuffling as Johnny came up the passage, nearly to the first desk, away up to the front. The boys on each side nudged each other while Johnny passed up. He hid the big boots as quickly as he could under the desk; but the cat was out of the bag, — the boots had been seen. Johnny hid his face in his arms on his desk, and had another good cry. When his turn for recitation came, there was a general laugh as he went forward and took his place in the class. His trouble was so evident that his teacher, taking pity on him, asked him but few questions, and soon dismissed the class.

At recess, Johnny was going to stay in. Stephen Manning came to him, and tried to console him, which surprised Johnny very much; for Stephen had said something in sport which had rankled in that little boy's heart, and he supposed Stephen to be a "stuck-up."

Stephen looked at the boots for a minute, and then, trying to comfort him, said, —

"Why, Johnny, they ain't much too large; that is, not so *very* large, you know."

But Johnny didn't smile; and just then some mischievous boy called out, "Come out here, Gin'ral Bonypart."

A happy thought struck Stephen. "I say," said he, "s'pose you change with me."

Johnny could hardly believe his ears; but it did him good to have Stephen propose it, and for the first time that day a sense of comfort stole into his heart. "No," he said, "I don't want the boys laughing at you."

"Oh, but I want to! it will be such fun!" said Stephen.

And so Johnny was induced to change; and in a moment more there was such an uproar in the yard! Stephen was out there, in the big boots, chasing the boys, falling down, and playing all manner of antics. He kept the boys in a perfect shout of merriment; and it wasn't five minutes before one boy after another was stealing around to Johnny, and saying, "Johnny, let me wear your boots a little, won't you?" From that time Johnny was the hero of the day. If any one was allowed to wear those boots, it was only as a favor. Johnny himself stumped about in them with satisfaction.

Johnny carried home such a cheerful, happy face, after afternoon school, that Mrs. Brown wondered at it. But he told her all about it, and how it was that Stephen Manning did it all. "And oh, wasn't he good, mother? for he just did it to please me!"

Children's Prize.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ANDERSEN had no children of his own; but such a big heart, that he took into it not only the children of Denmark, but of the whole earth. I hope you are well acquainted with his "Tin Soldier" and "Ugly Duckling." Perhaps you have sent your penny to help build his monument. I wish I was a child to send mine. I know you will like to hear how much he was beloved.

. . . "If he went out for a walk, every one saluted him . . . children worshipped him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove. . . . Sometimes . . . the whim would seize him to cut out figures in paper. He would beg for a pair of scissors; and then, folding some paper with his great, ugly hands, he would begin cutting, clipping, twisting, and snipping, — and in a few moments fairy scenes, flowers, plants, and trees would appear, perfect in form, charming in delicacy and design, before the eyes of those who wondered how it was possible he could manage to produce any thing from such crude materials. . . . In his walks in the country, he would poke his huge stick, as ugly and ungainly in appearance as himself, into every rut and hole by the wayside, and pick up the first object that attracted his attention; and then, gazing at it tenderly and caressing it with his fingers, he would begin and tell its history, weaving some ethereal, charming romance into its inanimate nature, and make those around stand rapt in delight and wonder at the man's strange, quaint imaginations and fancies.

"On his coffin, one laurel wreath from Berlin bore the touching inscription: 'Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed. In children's hearts thou shalt live for ever,' — an inscription which, if dear Andersen's spirit was hovering over this sad but beautiful scene, must have made him rejoice again and again. . . . Perhaps the most touching incident of this never-to-be-forgotten day was that of a poor woman who, simply dressed in a peasant's garb, timidly advanced towards the altar; and, after eagerly, but in vain, searching all around for a flower or fallen twig, murmured sadly, half aloud, half to herself, 'Too late: they're all gone,' as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"'Do you want a flower, my good mother?' asked a bystander, moved to pity at the woman's evident distress.

"'Ah, yes, good sir! My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that dear departed angel often came to see him when he was ill, two winters ago, and told him a story, and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir, and he just worshipped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He is lame, and can't come himself.'

"'Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell.'

"'Ah, you are good, dear sir!' and the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away." — *Culled from Temple Bar.*

"GIVE a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or swearing."

"ALL I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee."

SEE-SAW.

SEE-SAW.

I THINK I've been on a see-saw. And I never want to be again. And, by the way the boy and the girl in the picture hold on, I think they feel just the same. The girl does not dare to put out her hand for the apple that is rolling to her. The boy is losing it, but he must hold on; for he is high in the air, his hat flying away, his hair blown out so stiffly that it looks like porcupine quills; and, as I heard a boy once say who did not want to go to walk with his mother, "all the earth seems to be going from under his feet."

Now I advise you to avoid see-saws and all such dangerous games. Don't say I want to make a *molly coddle* of you, for there are many ways to be heroic; better ways than running useless risks of life and limb. In the great Boston fire there was a lad who acted a hero's part; and yet I think he would have been more of a hero had he staid away. He had a passion for going to fires; so, the minute he heard the bell that night, away he went from his home, little thinking he would never enter it again. He did what he could to help, when he reached the fearful scene, and I would judge his going tenderly; but, as he was, I believe, his sister's only brother and his mother's only son, and she a widow, he would have been a greater hero if he had denied himself and rested in his nearest duty, — which was to preserve his life for their sakes.

DOING AND BEING.

MARION exclaimed fretfully, as she turned from the window, "The day is all gone, and I haven't done any thing. I haven't done any thing," she repeated discontentedly; "and I meant to do so much."

"What have you done?" inquired Elizabeth, closing her work-basket. "Sit down and tell me."

"Well," assented Marion, seating herself, "you know my day as well as I do. This morning I read three chapters in the Bible as usual. I do so want to get through it this year. Then I was gone an hour on that errand for father; then I wrote three letters, mended Tom's mittens, and corrected Nellie's composition; then mother called me to set the dinner table. After dinner I directed a magazine and two papers to your missionary; then, — oh! Nellie's arithmetic, — that took me an hour, she was so stupid; then father asked me to copy a deed for him, and then that tiresome Mrs. Grant called and I entertained her for an hour; and then — how little it all seems! — I went out to get that sewing-silk for mother, and buy that ball I've been promising Georgie for a month; and now the man is lighting the gas over the way, and my day is gone! I can't help feeling dissatisfied. I haven't done any thing good to-day."

Elizabeth was rocking lazily to and fro in her chair. "You think a great deal about doing, don't you?"

"Yes, and so do you! You are always at work doing something."

"It's a good thing to be so. God gives us many things to do; but don't you think He gives us something to be just as well?"

"Oh, yes," Marion replied, very quickly. "Of course."

"May I speak plainly, Marion? May I tell you all about your unsatisfying day?"

"You dear old Elizabeth!" Marion sprang up and threw both her arms around her neck. "You ought to have been born my grandmother. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' Shoot me through and through. I will not even groan."

Nevertheless Marion's lips trembled as

she dropped down on the carpet at her friend's feet, and laid her head in her lap.

Before speaking, Elizabeth bent over to kiss her.

"I've been thinking all day, as I have watched you, that I would like to say this to you. I see that in trying to do what He commands, you forget to be what He commands. I know all about it. First about reading the three chapters; how did you read them?"

"Hurried through the last," confessed Marion; "and I did not look to see if it was short. I feel condemned if I do not read it through when I set myself to do it."

"You poor child! we will talk about that some other time. Then came the errand for your father; you fretted about that because you said you were wasting your time. You answered your mother saucily when she inquired whom your letters were written to; you scolded Tom for burning his mittens; you made fun of Nellie's spelling and set her lips to quivering. You spoke impatiently to your mother about setting the dinner table."

"And Betsey ought to do it, I repeat," interrupted the girl wilfully.

"And you slapped Georgie for hiding the paper you were looking for."

"I am sorry for that," said a voice from under Marion's flowing curls.

"You scolded Nellie for being stupid, until she cried; you frowned over the paper you copied for your father; and did you not make fun of Mrs. Grant before she had reached the corner?"

"Oh, dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says, 'Be kindly affectioned to another.'

"'Be ye also patient.'

"'Be ye thankful.'

"'Be not conformed to this world.'

"'Become little children.'

"'Be ye therefore perfect.'

"'Be courteous.'

"'Be not wise in your own conceits.'

"'Be not overcome of evil.'"

Marion listened, making no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that her cheeks were wet.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow, God helping me. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or kind, or forgiving, or gentle, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I should think it was," returned Marion emphatically. Christian Weekly.

THE DISCONTENTED BEE.

THERE was a terrible commotion in the bee-hive. The sentinels at the doorway ceased to fan with their wings, that they might listen; the drones murmured with a hoarse voice; the bees ran in and out in great confusion; the work all stopped, and destruction seemed to reign in this honeyed kingdom. What *was* the matter? After a great deal of noise and clamor, it was discovered that the bees had brought a criminal before their queen, to know what should be done with her. The queen turned round slowly and majestically, as queens should do, and then inquired,—

"What is the matter? Why have you brought that young bee before me?"

"Please your majesty, *she won't work.*"

"Won't work! A bee won't work!"

"No, your majesty; and she is not only idle, but is all the time complaining and finding fault with everybody and everything, and thus she makes the whole hive unhappy!"

"Hebe, is this so? What have you to say?"

"Please your majesty," whined poor Hebe, "I'm the most unfortunate of all your subjects. The fact is, *I'm not handsome!* My face is small, and one of my eyes seems to squint; and, though I'm an Italian bee, yet my dress is not rich gold, but has a dim leaden look; and my feet are large, and my arms are hairy, and my ears are too large. In short, I'm so plain that nobody ever notices me; and I have no admirers, and actually overheard a gentleman say, 'How homely Hebe grows!' Those who are handsome and have admirers can afford to work, but for me there is nothing but chagrin and mortification."

"Foolish one!" cried the queen. "Now hear your sentence! You will, I hope, have a long life, even nine moons long! You have already wasted four long bright days. I command you to rise at early dawn, to go out at once and wash your face and hands in the dew that gathers in the clematis. Then you are to go from flower to flower and bring in honey sufficient to feed ten young bees. It will take you out twenty-five journeys every day, and require the honey of one hundred flowers each journey!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Hebe; "to think of sucking twenty-five hundred flowers every day!"

"Yes, and you must nurse ten young bees all the time, and thus mature one every day on an average; and you must do this during three moons. This is my sentence."

The queen turned away, and the sister bees led poor Hebe to the door of the hive, and pushed her out. At first she was bewildered and cast down. But the sun shone bright, and the birds sang, and the air was filled with her sisters coming and going, flying and singing. So she spread her wings, and away she flew. Away, away she went over fences and trees, till she found a field of white clover. Then she came down, and to her amazement found it easy to work. In a short time she had drawn from her hundred clover-heads, and then straight back to the hive. In she came singing, and began to feed her young charge. And then off again, — morning, noon, and night she was coming and going. Her young bees loved her, and sang with her, and went out in company as fast as grown. Sometimes she bathed in the dews of the eglantine or the sweet jessamine; sometimes she swung on the raspberry-blossom, sometimes mounted upon the linden, or the locust full of white flowers, and sometimes on the crest of a lofty tulip-tree, or rushed into the woods fragrant with the honeysuckle. But every day she grew happier. Her songs were now cheerful and loud; she laughed at her former dread of work; and, what was curious, just in proportion as she worked *she grew handsome!* The bands that encircled her body became wide, and bright like polished gold; her wings shone like silver; her eye grew bright, and lost its squint, if it really ever had any; her feet, kept clean by the morning dew, were in beautiful proportion. In short, there was not a happier or more beautiful bee in the whole hive. Even the lazy drones bowed and hummed admiration as she passed. At the end of her sentence she stood once more before the queen, "Hebe the beautiful," as she was then called.

"Ah," said the queen, "I see how it is. It is a law of God that she who is willing to work, and to do good to others, shall be happy, and grow beautiful by the process. Beauty casts her mantle only on the industrious and the good." The Children's Paper.

THAT CALF.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

An old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you, last night,
Shut the barn door, while I was in bed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the door,
But they say that she did all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple gray, "I was not up this way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said: "Where's the one to object,
If I say, 'tis *that calf* I suspect?"

"It is too wicked now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks;"
Said the cock in the tree: "I am sure 'twasn't me;"
All the sheep just said, "Bah!" there were six;
And they thought now *that calf's* in a fix!

"Of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat;
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
Well, *that calf* never knows what she's at!"

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight;
"Did you shut my barn door?" said the farmer, once more;
And she answered, "I did, sir, last night;
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head. "She'll catch it,' they said,
"Serve her right for her meddlesome way."
Cried the farmer: "Come here, little bossy, my dear,
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat;
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl;
The mule tried to smile, the cock crew.
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite here,"
They all cried; "we're so glad it was you!"
But *that calf* only answered them, "Boo!"

BY AND BY.

Half-a-dozen boys and girls were sitting in front of a country school-house, during the noon intermission. They had eaten their luncheon, and, while waiting for the teacher to come, were talking, half soberly, half in fun, of what they would do when they grew up.

"I am going to be rich," said Will. "I shall go to work pretty soon, and save every cent I can get. Grandfather says, 'A penny saved is worth two earned.'"

"When are you going to begin saving?" asked Madge, who remembered that her brother could hardly keep a cent through even one day, for it literally burned a hole through his pocket, till it found its way to the confectioner's or toy-shop.

"Oh, by and by," replied Will, "I don't have enough now to pay for saving."

"And I," said Ned, who was set down as the most indolent fellow in school, "I am going to make an author. It will take work and study; but, when I get older, I am going to bend right down to the work, and I will astonish you yet by my knowledge."

"You will have to begin pretty soon," Madge threw in again, "if you ever make a scholar."

"Oh, there's time enough by and by. Men work, boys play;" and Ned rolled over on the grass, stretched his feet into the sun-

shine, perfectly resigned some day to be a great scholar.

Jo was always getting into trouble. This morning he had been in dire disgrace for chalking a picture on Will's back. During the talk he had sat very quietly, and now when Madge tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "A penny for your thoughts, Jo," he looked up very earnestly, and said, —

"I tell you, boys, I'm going to be good when I get to be a man. I am going to make other folks happy, and always be good."

"That's right," said Madge. "Now I suppose there will be no more chalk pictures and broken rules in school. How glad the teacher will be!"

"Oh, ho!" cried Jo, "I didn't say now, but when I get to be a man. One mustn't try to tie up boys. Let us have our good times. Chance enough to be steady by and by."

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," said Madge. "Now, you boys all think you are going to do something wonderful when you grow up. I believe you will do just as you do now. You will never get to the by and by where Will will save his money, Ned study, and Jo be good, unless you commence right off."

Just then the school-bell rung, but, after all was in order, the teacher, who had overheard the conversation, tapped on her desk, and said: —

"I heard you, just now, telling of what you would do in the future. That is all right. Your parents are giving you the advantages of this school, that you may prepare yourselves to do something good and useful when you are old enough to go out into the world and take care of yourselves. I am glad that you have set before you high ideals. You learn to write well only by imitating as closely as you can some superior penman. So, in life, the higher you place your aims, the more likely you will be to make your lives somewhat near them. But, from what I heard, I am afraid you look at the matter in too dreamy a way. By and by is a beautifully indefinite time for us to put in effect our good resolutions. It costs no effort to be self-sacrificing, industrious, or good there. The most indolent person is willing to work hard by and by, and nobody ever intends to be selfish or wicked then.

"But, boys, if you go on dreaming your dreams, and laying your plans for some indefinite future time, and never commence to prepare for the accomplishment of them, it would be better for you never to waste your time over such day dreams. You can be, in a great measure, what you wish to be, but only by constant, untiring effort. And you must begin now. It takes a lifetime to build a character. You are laying the foundations in your school-days. If you spend the first eighteen or twenty years of your lives heedlessly, indolently, forming bad habits, you will find it almost impossible by and by to change to earnest, upright men.

"Life is short enough at the longest. If we intend to do any thing great or good, we must be about it at once. I would like to see Will rich, that he might do good with his money; Ned a scholar, that he might exert a wide influence for the right; and I would like, oh, so much, to have Jo consecrate himself to the Saviour, that his life might be a rich harvest in winning souls for the Master; but, boys, as you wish to make real the ideal pictures of this pleasant afternoon, I implore you to begin now to form these noble, manly, Christian characteristics which you admire."

The teacher sat down. Boys and girls remained almost spell-bound by her earnest manner and words. Will studied a crack in the floor; Ned watched the teacher's face

with a new light on his own; while Jo gazed vacantly out through the open window, though the fields and distant hills were dimmed in his vision by other pictures crowding into his mind. A woodpecker tapped on an old tree by the door, a robin chirruped a few notes in the branches above.

Many years have gone by since that afternoon at the old country school-house; but as we have heard boys and girls planning for the future, and seen the opportunities which teachers have to exert an influence over them, the words of that faithful teacher have come back in memory, and we have rewritten them for those who are promising to do better by and by. The Little Star.

LATREILLE AND THE BEETLE.

How true it is, that God often employs the feeblest instruments to accomplish his will!

At the end of last century there lived, in a town of France, a celebrated naturalist named Latreille. He spent much of his time in watching the habits of insects, and took little interest in any thing else. Suspected, however, of being an enemy to the government, he was seized and cast into prison. But it was the will of God to save Latreille, and a messenger was sent to deliver him. This messenger was a little blue beetle! This little creature was crawling on the wall of his prison, and Latreille was watching it at the very moment when the doctor of the prison was going his rounds. The doctor had a young friend who was fond of curious insects; and when Latreille told him that this little creature was a rare specimen, he carried it off to his friend.

This friend wished to see the man who had sent him such a rare beetle. He visited Latreille in prison, was delighted with his conversation; and, as he chanced to have some influence with the government, he persuaded them to set Latreille free.

Soon after, Latreille's fellow-prisoners were banished. They were sent in a ship bound for Cayenne, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and every one on board perished. This would probably have been Latreille's fate, but for the visit to his prison of the little blue beetle.

He ever after loved the little creature, which he called "the miraculous cause of his liberty," — "an insect very dear to him." When he was an old man, one of these little beetles used to be his gift to his favorite pupils, and was highly prized by them, as a distinguishing mark of his favor.

This little insect was as truly the means used by God to deliver Latreille, as if God had sent an angel to open the prison doors. When it pleases God to deliver any one from prison, or from death, an insect may be his messenger, and do his will, as well as an angel; for the smallest and least of his creatures obeys his will, and is not beneath his notice. With God nothing is impossible; and in the most desperate case he can save, by the smallest means, when all help from man is vain.

ACTING LIES.

"THE teacher's coming!" whispered Jenny Price.

Carrie hastily pushed her story-book under the desk, and looked intently at her geography.

"I am glad to see two such studious girls," said Miss Lucas, pleasantly.

"Isn't it good that I saw her in time?" whispered Jenny, after she had passed.

No, my dear Jenny; it would have been much better for both you and Carrie if she had discovered the deception, and told you how wrong it was. Selected.

JENNY AND BOB.

JENNY is tall of her age; but she looks like a giant by dear little Bob. With such a serious face, you would hardly think what great friends they are. In the spring, Jenny's mother died; and Jenny came to live with Aunt Silence, her father's sister. Jenny always thought she should like to live in the country; but it is not just what she thought it would be, for Aunt Silence is not used to children.

Jenny is as queer to her aunt as her aunt is to her. The first night she almost frightened Aunt Silence out of her wits by tumbling Bob from her shawl, in which he had come as a bundle to his new home.

"That dog must go in the morning" (for, as he rushed into the cellar, there was no sending him off that night); "I can't have my cat disturbed."

But when the morning came, he had behaved so well in the night, not barking, that Miss Silence said he might stay, if Jenny could keep him in order. Two rules must not be broken: when in the house, he must be confined to his own mat and his own saucer.

Doggie is learning to be quite a little gentleman. But he is having a hard time of it now. He does not like to sit up and beg. Other days Jenny has given up in a minute. He is looking out of his eye to see if she will not to-day. But Jenny holds him fast, with "Steady, Bob! Steady!"

She wouldn't have the heart to do so; but she is a little out of sorts. Aunt Silence has kept her tight at work, light work, all the morning. Now she has sent her out of doors for a run.

There is nothing Jenny likes so much as to read a story-book; and she is half through "Rachel's Lilies," but Miss Silence says that must come later; Jenny must run outdoors whilst the sun shines.

Do you think Bob will learn his lesson?

Do you think Jenny will learn hers?

Perhaps I will tell you another time.

MARY was about four years old, and the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters. She often teased her mother to allow her to sit up after supper as long as the others. She did not think it was right that she should be put to bed so early, and one evening she was granted permission to remain up as long as she liked. But she soon grew weary of looking at her books and pictures, and was fast nodding off to the land of dreams. When roused by her mother, she exclaimed: "O mamma, I'm not one bit sleepy, only my eyes are *so winky!*" But in less than three minutes she was fast asleep.

JENNY AND BOB.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

THE spring put forth her buds, so full of promise;
The summer made them leaves all pure and bright,
Shaking their myriad hands in face of heaven,
Drinking in rain and dew, and breathing out
Sweet exhalations, blessing all around.
The autumn came, and, one by one, their faces
Were tinged with glorious sheen; and, ere they fell,
All nature blessed them for their work well done.
And then, the purpose of their life fulfilled,
They fell; and in their fall still blessed the earth,
Which, in returning seasons' fruitfulness,
Acknowledges its debt. And so in life, —
With the fair promise of a youth fulfilled
In noble manhood, consecrate to high
And holy purposes; with no desire
T'escape from those responsibilities
Which are the talents God has given for use,
A sacred halo shines around life's close,
Which, by its beauty, winneth other souls
To tread the noble path of usefulness.
And when, o'ercome with years, the body falls,
How helpful are those gracious memories
Which rise perennial even from the tomb!

W. N. E.

MONTREAL.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*"

EVERY baby is pure. How can every boy and girl be pure?

First, by learning by heart these words: Thou, God, seest me; when I am alone, when I am in the dark, when I am in a crowd. My body is a garment: God sees my spirit beneath the garment. Help me, dear Father, to keep that body clean and that spirit pure.

Second, by resolving: I will try never to think, to say, to do, what I should be ashamed to have my mother see, hear, or know. I will go with those children who are so honest and true that they look you fearlessly in the eye; who do not speak in whispers, or hide their mouths with their hands when they speak.

COSEY CORNER.

Now, children, let us all cuddle up together, and talk as much nonsense as we please. People who ove animals always talk nonsense to them; so do people who love children.

"Every dog has his day, and every cat her Saturday afternoon." What does that mean? Send me word the first week in November.

How the months scud away! Keep close at their heels, or our basket of nuts will be small.

Children are funny, especially boys; but cats and dogs are funnier. It is queer they should be, with their solemn faces.

Our dog, Beauty, used to snore when we called him in the morning, to try to make us think he was asleep and not able to hear us.

Our bird, Harry, does not hop at once for the lettuce leaf, though he likes it as well as you do a raisin; but at last he lays the green handkerchief in his water vessel, and then, when it is moistened, he snips it with his sharp beak, as if to make it the prettier before he swallows it.

Our fisherman sings, instead of using a fish-horn. There are *flying* fish; but I n ver heard of a singing fish. Perhaps they may be caught on that musical sand, near those singing beaches, of which, I think, Agassiz said there were but two known in the world. A singing fish would be a very odd fish indeed, and better than a gold one.

Do something for each other,
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort oft in little things,
Far more than others see.

"PUT your ear to the door or wall,
You will hear no good at all."

THE FROLIC.

FOUR tiny aprons could scarce hold
All the treasures of scarlet and gold,
With sprays here and there of green and blue,
Saucily peeping the tangle through;
Eight little hands tossed the blossoms bright
Hither and thither in wild delight,
While on the air, as they loudly sang,
A version new of an old song rang:
"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
And you love me, as I love you."

Four little innocent hearts kept time
With happy beat to the ancient rhyme,
While o'er each other they gayly threw
Showers all golden, red, and blue;
Eight little feet, where the bright leaves lay,
In a merry dance then tripped away,
While a saucy echo caught the strain,
And gleefully sang it o'er again:
"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
And you love me, as I love you."

Selected.

THE gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth. Sir Walter Raleigh.

Puzzles.

26.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two capital cities in the United States.
A wanderer in the desert waste;
The hunter bears me in the chase;
What all men are before they're grown;
What's seen in many a sculptured stone;
A cruel emperor, long since dead;
An article of woolen thread.

27.

BEHEADED PUZZLES.

1. — His clothes were dampened by the ——;
He dared not stop to think or ——;
The sun shed not a single ——;
His comrade to him answered ——.

2. — Behold me growing on the hill;
Behead me, springs and brooks I fill.

28.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters:
My 5, 10, 4, 12, is a ruler;
My 3, 11, 4, 3, is a girl's name.
My 2, 3, 1, is an article of dress;
My 6, 10, 4, 3, 8, is a mountain famous in Bible history;
My 7, 10, 12, is a light vehicle;
My 9, 3, 11, is a large vehicle;
My whole is a welcome festival, now near at hand.

29.

SQUARE WORD.

A kind of tree. A sacred bird. A girl's name. A son of Isaac.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

24. — A pple
U rchin
T homas
U pas
M adam
N ature
L ash
E mperors
A nchor
V irtue
E ast
S elf

Autumn Leaves.

25. — The boy was found so far *astray*,
They wondered how he could so *stray*.
They brought his food upon a *tray*.
Of sunlight there was not a *ray*.

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